

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 46

No.

11

APRIL, 1914

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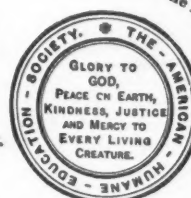
# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered  
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1866, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM  
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners  
and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 46

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## Heart-Training Through the Animal World

By RALPH WALDO TRINE



IT is an established fact that the training of the intellect alone is not sufficient. Nothing in this world can be truer than that the education of the head, without the training of the heart, simply increases one's power for evil, while the education of the heart, along with the head, increases one's power for good, and this, indeed, is the true education.

Clearly we must begin with the child. The lessons learned in childhood are the last to be forgotten. The potter moulds the clay only when it is soft; in a little while, when it begins to harden, he has no more power over it. So it is with the child. The first principles of conduct instilled into his mind, planted within his heart, take root and grow, and as he grows from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, these principles become fixed. They exert their influence. Scarcely any power in existence can change them. They cling to him through life. They decide his destiny. How important, then, that these first principles implanted within the child's heart, be lessons of gentleness, kindness, mercy, love, and humanity, and not lessons of hatred, envy, selfishness, and malice! The former make ultimately our esteemed, law-abiding, law-loving citizens; the latter law-breakers and criminals. Upon the training of the children of today depends the condition of our country a generation hence.

In crimes against the person the passions play the most important part, and this is true, also, even in many crimes against property. How important it is, then, that the child be taught to govern its passions! How important that it be taught to be kind, gentle, loving, and humane; and in all the range of human thought there is not a better, wiser, or more expedient way of accomplishing this end than by teaching kind-

ness towards God's lower creatures. If children are thus taught they will have instilled into their hearts those principles of action which will make them kind and merciful not only to the lower animals, but also toward their fellow-men as they attain to manhood. Let them be taught that the lower animals are God's creatures, as they themselves are, put here by a common Heavenly Father, each for its own special purpose, and that they have the same right to life and protection. Let them be taught that principle recognized by all noble-hearted men, that it is only a depraved, debased, and cowardly nature that will injure an inferior, defenseless creature, simply because it is in its power to do so, and that there is no better, no grander test of true bravery and nobility of character than one's treatment of the lower animals.

It is impossible to overestimate the benefits resulting from judicious, humane instruction. The child who has been taught nothing of mercy, nothing of humanity, who has never been brought to realize the claims that animals have upon him for protection and kindness, will grow up to be thoughtless and cruel toward them, and if he is cruel to them that same heart, untouched by kindness and mercy, will prompt him to be cruel to his family, to his fellow-men. On the other hand, the child who has been taught to realize the claims that God's lower creatures have upon him, whose heart has been touched by lessons of kindness and mercy, under their sweet influence will grow to be a large-hearted, tender-hearted, manly man. Then let the children be trained, their hands, their intellects, and above all, their hearts. Let them be taught to have pity for the animals that are at our mercy, that cannot protect themselves, that cannot explain their weakness, their pain, or their suffering, and soon this will bring to their recognition that higher law, the moral obligation of man as a superior being to protect and care for the weak and defenseless. Nor will it stop here, for this in turn will lead them to that highest law—man's duty to man.

And so, instead of putting into the hands of the child a gun or any other weapon that may be instrumental in crippling, torturing, or taking the life of even a single animal, I would give him the field-glass and the camera, and send him out to be a friend to the animals, to observe and

study their characteristics, their habits, to learn from them those wonderful lessons that can be learned, and thus have his whole nature expand in admiration and love and care for them, and become thereby the truly manly and princely type of man rather than the careless, callous, brutal type.

All fellowships thus fostered, and the humane sentiments thus inculcated, will return to soften and enrich the child's, and later the man's or the woman's life, a thousand or a million fold; for we must always bear in mind that every kindness shown, every service done, to either a fellow human being or a so-called dumb fellow-creature, does us more good than the one for whom or that for which we do it. The joy that comes from this open-hearted fellowship with all living creatures is something too precious and valuable to be given up when once experienced. To feel and to realize the essential oneness of all life is a steep, up which the world is now rapidly coming. Through it ethics is being broadened and deepened, and even religion is being enriched and vitalized.

Were I an educator, I would endeavor to make my influence along the lines of humane, heart-training my chief service to my pupils. The rules and principles and even facts that are taught them will, nine-tenths of them at least, by-and-by be forgotten, but by bringing into their lives this higher influence, at once the root and the flower of all that is worthy of the name "education," I would give them something that would place them at once in the ranks of the noblest of the race. I would give not only special attention and time to this humane education, but I would introduce it into and cause it to permeate all of my work. A teacher with a little insight will be able to find opportunities on every hand.

Then, were I a mother, I would infuse this same humane influence into all phases of the child's life and growth. Quietly and indirectly I would make all things speak to him in this language. I would put into his hands books such as "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," and others of a kindred nature. I would form in my own village or part of the city, were there not one there already, a Band of Mercy, into which my own and neighbors' children would be called; and thus I would open up another little fountain of humanity for the healing of our troubled times.

There is no writer on this subject whose books have attained greater popularity than have those of Mr. Trine. "Humane Day" will be observed this month in the schools of Massachusetts and elsewhere, and it seems to us that its significance in the lives of the children and its importance to the teacher are nowhere better emphasized than in these extracts republished here from "Every Living Creature," by kind permission of the author.



## An Unexpected Meeting *by PROF. CHARLES E. FAY*



**I**N the summer of 1888 I met with an experience which somewhat modified my views as regards the attitude of wild beasts toward human beings, at least in the temperate zone. It befell in Estes Park, at the close of a day of most interesting climbing. Leaving our camp in a lofty ravine between Mts. Ypsilon and Fairchild, we had made the ascent of the former early in the day; then crossing the col, or saddle, uniting the two mountains, had accomplished what we believed to be the first ascent of Ypsilon, the goal of our expedition.

Twice in this portion of our day we had sighted bears; one, an enormous "cinnamon," at short range; then, two evidently half-grown cubs some distance away. The first had been started from behind some big rock, as we were descending the shattered side of Fairchild toward the saddle, and had given us a striking exhibition of his climbing powers, galloping with the greatest ease up the steep slope we were descending with painful slowness. A few idle shots from a large revolver in the hands of one of our party furnished an accompaniment to his retreat, as soon as the surprise at his unexpected appearance had subsided.

On leaving the summit of Ypsilon our party divided, three of us wishing to take in two minor summits farther north on our way back to camp. The third member of this group became separated from his companions later on and made his way back alone. Mr. Edmands and myself, partners in many and varied experiences as old-time members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, were thus left by ourselves.

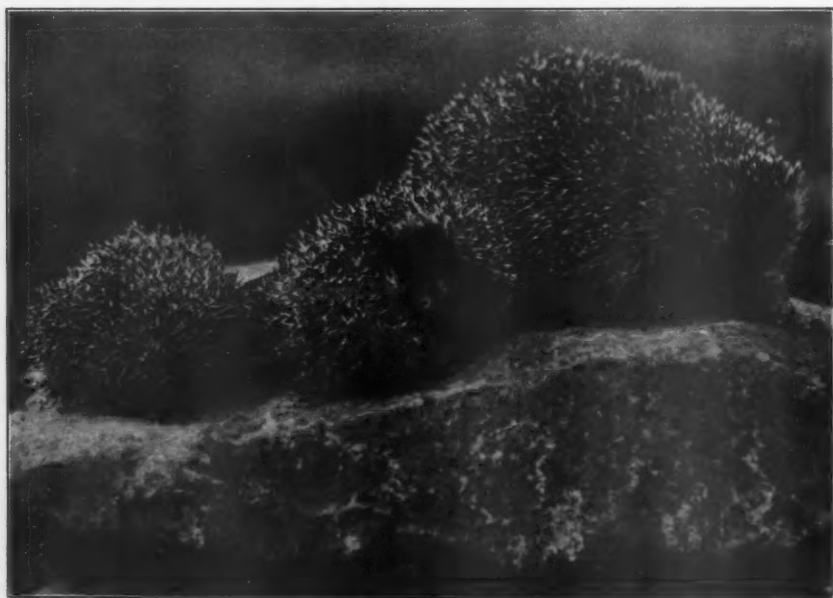
The sun had already set as we were approaching in our descent the timber-line on the second of the two peaks. The dwarfed conifers may have been three or four feet high, rather thickly set, but with numerous passages between them. It was just above one of these that Mr. Edmands stopped to arrange his pack, and I kept on to see whether possibly the way I had marked out in the morning from the opposite ridge lay below us; for a change in the angle of slope made it impossible to judge from above.

Arrived almost at the very opening I paused, hearing an unusual sound, when almost instantly two large cinnamon bears came lumbering forth straight for me. The distance was so short and their speed so great that it was only the question of seconds before they would be rising and close with me, if such indeed be their conventional way. My own procedure was purely automatic; hence I assume no credit for it. Instantly a bright tin canteen, that at the moment I happened to be carrying in my hand at the end of its strap, began to gyrate rapidly and sudden staccato ejaculations to issue from my throat. Old hunters say that I did "just the right thing." Apparently they are right; and, equally apparently, had I had a gun, I should have done just the *wrong* thing to have fired. So sudden a shot, even from an experienced hand, would scarcely have been fatal, and the vengeful fury of wounded bears is proverbial.

They were coming tandem, the heavier of the two in advance. When within not over fifteen feet, the leader suddenly met by the sight and sounds faintly outlined above, turned in his tracks, almost tumbled into the second bear at his heels, which as suddenly wheeled about, and both departed into the timber, raising a dust that it took as long as the time of the whole previous episode to subside. Indeed, all had been so sudden that I had not found time to get thoroughly frightened, and my companion, who had witnessed it from above, on joining me, found me laughing, much to his disgust. For the moment only the ludicrous aspect of the transaction was dominant. A belated fear arrived some five minutes later, and haunted me in the timber for the rest of that summer. It doubtless was a narrow escape for me; yet if bears are endowed with memory and this pair still roam the peaks of the Front Range about fair Estes Park, they are very likely congratulating themselves on a similar good fortune.

### TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

The half-tone illustrations on the front cover and on this page are made from prints on Wellington Enamo Bromide, negatives on Wellington 'Xtra Speedy Plates. They are used by courtesy of Wellington & Ward, Elstree, England.



HEDGEHOGS—LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE QUILL

### HORSES IN NORMANDY

By EDWARD FOX SAINSBURY



**T**HE Norman horse today is a very fine, sturdy, powerful horse, full of energy. As a rule it is well cared for and nourished, not the kind of horse one met with thirty or forty years ago. The happy, plump horse of today is a great contrast to the often ill-fed miserable horse of the past.

An English lady who recently visited Normandy was so pleased with the appearance and condition of the Norman horse that she wrote to us stating that nowhere had she seen better kept or finer horses than in Rouen, the capital of Normandy.

The value of horses has very largely increased of late years, thus horse breeding is a most lucrative business. The last census proved somewhat of a surprise. An official valuation, and a very conservative one, gave the estimated value of horses in Normandy as over five hundred millions of francs (\$100,000,000).

The Paris S. P. C. A. issues a very useful little pamphlet which is given away to carters, teamsters, and the poorer owners of horses. It contains the rules and regulations for keeping horses in health, thus proving that good treatment pays. The fact that good treatment is profitable appeals to those who might otherwise take but little interest in horses.

The pamphlet insists that horses are seldom vicious except when neglected or badly treated. It raises another point—"If one regards the horse as a mere tool, common-sense teaches a man to be careful with it or the tool wears out quickly, accidents occur, and it happens that the cruel, ignorant man is generally the first victim of ill-usage, as he suffers in his person or pocket."

The Paris S. P. C. A. also issues cards to its members. They are invited to interfere in all cases where horses are badly treated, ill-fed or overloaded, in fact any infringement of the national law protecting animals. If notified, the authorities at once see to the matter.

It is pleasant to be able to observe that it is seldom now-a-days necessary to make complaints of ill-usage, etc. This shows a higher level of education, intelligence and civilization than formerly.

We often hear people asserting that gross cases of cruelty still exist, and they seem discouraged by such facts. We think, however, that whilst working strenuously to the end that all cruelty disappear, we should feel happy and thankful that so marked an improvement is everywhere manifest.

Dieppe, France.

### VANISHED WILD LIFE

Many famous animals have become extinct. The bison or buffalo which used to roam America in great herds, and which was as common as Red Indians in the adventure books of not long ago, now no longer exists except for small tame herds in the Yellowstone Park, Canada, and a few private game preserves.

The dodo is not an imaginary bird, as most people think. It was a huge pigeon too bulky to fly, and swarmed centuries ago in Madagascar. But explorers and sailors ate it out of existence, and no living specimen has been seen since 1681.

The great auk may not really be extinct. There are rumors that it isn't, though there is no authenticated case of one being seen for the last fifty years. But they were common on the rocky islets off northern Scotland only a century ago.

## IN HIS NAME

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

What might the Easter spirit bring to those  
 Who patiently plod on, from day to day,  
 Wearing a yoke of servitude, with heads  
 Bowed to the burden they must ever bear—  
 Victims of man's caprice and dread command;  
 Poor patient steeds that hear their masters'  
 voice,  
 Only to crouch and quiver 'neath a blow?  
 Might it not bring immunity from pain,  
 Clean stalls, good food, a body groomed with  
 care,  
 Sweet-smelling straw where, at the close of  
 day,  
 They might repose and dream of pastures  
 green?  
 All this, and more, could man's diviner self  
 Make possible,—the self that is reborn  
 Like nature, when she bursts the fettering  
 bonds  
 That held her captive, and in verdure clad,  
 Proclaims to us her visible rebirth.  
 E'en so when man feels rising in his soul  
 A yearning towards the beautiful and true,  
 His spirit shall indeed be born anew,  
 If to the helpless things his care that claim,  
 He showeth mercy in the Saviour's name.

## WHERE A HORSE IS A NOVELTY

A horse is such a commonplace object to most of us that it brings somewhat a shock of surprise to read of the astonishment and fear caused among Indians far north in the Upper Yukon district. The horse belonged to Charles Sheldon, naturalist and hunter, who describes his explorations in the wilderness of the Upper Yukon:

"In the afternoon, shortly after seeing an old Indian and two boys on the left bank, we came to their camp, where four families were occupying tents. Never had I seen Indians in the north of such healthy and vigorous appearance. As I took the horse off the boat, all started to run, and their dogs, which were tied near the tents, became greatly excited, and struggled against their chains to attack him. None of the Indians of the upper Pelly river ever before had seen a horse."

On the next day the experience was repeated at a second camp:

"As the Vidette rounded the curve into Ross River and made fast, I gazed from the deck at the multitude of Indians—men, women and children—all assembled on the bank and nervously rushing about. When the gang-plank was put out I suddenly rode Danger, the horse, to the shore and approached the Indians on a trot, while men, women and children were fleeing in all directions and shouting in fright. My progress was suddenly checked, however, for at once a dozen or more dogs rushed at the horse, howling and snapping. If the trappers had not quickly beaten them off, the horse surely would have been disabled."

News of the wonderful animal was immediately carried ahead.

"Many Indians had come to our camp for the purpose of seeing the horse, which aroused intense interest among them. One morning three appeared very early, and watched us throw the pack on Danger. So great was their astonishment to see him walk off with a pack of two hundred pounds that they followed us for three miles."

## "BLACK BEAUTY" SAYS

## The Good Owner

"He seemed to know how a horse feels. When he cleaned me he knew all the tender places, and when he brushed my head he was as careful of my eyes as if they were his own."

## The Mean Owner

"He left my bit rusty and my saddle damp. He never cleaned all the straw away, and my feet became sore with the 'thrush.'"



"KHALED," \$50,000 ARABIAN STALLION  
 Owned at Hartman Stock Farm, Columbus, Ohio

## A MULE OF PERU

By W. G. RUSHWORTH

This marvelous feat was related to a lady traveling in Peru via trail and mule-train, by the priest who claimed to have owned the daring and resourceful animal he told about. In Peru many of the trails are mere ledges cut out of the solid rock, the precipice falling away for hundreds of feet to the river below on one side and rising equally steep and straight on the other side.

This priest was journeying on his mule over just such a trail, when suddenly to his horror on rounding a bend, he saw that an avalanche had swept nearly twenty feet of the trail completely away. The trail was narrow; he could not turn and he dared not dismount. Far below roared the river, above reared hundreds of feet of sheer rock. Giving up for lost, he took out his beads and began to say his prayers before going to meet his Creator.

The mule in the meantime had been viewing the situation intently. The priest felt him move, then the animal reared straight up on his hind legs. His master thought he was about to plunge over the edge and clung to the saddle thinking the end was near—but no, slowly the mule turned on his hind legs, turned until he was facing back down the trail. Then he came down upon all four feet again and commenced the return journey.

It was a wonderful display of intelligence and courage and one that is scarcely credible, but the priest vouched for its truth while others admitted that the trail had been swept away and that the mule had in some way brought his master safely back. Later, to the priest's great sorrow, the valuable animal was stolen and he never saw him again.

## PROFANITY AS CRUELTY

The finer feelings of horses must not be hurt by blasphemous and profane words, even if the animals do give their drivers great provocation, according to a ruling handed down recently in Huntington, West Virginia, by Magistrate Null in the case of A. J. West, who was charged with swearing at his horse when the animal balked in the middle of the car track. To make his ruling more effective Magistrate Null tacked a fine of \$1 and costs on the defendant.

West said that his horse was used to hearing profane language and didn't understand any other method of persuasion. Magistrate Null, however, was adamant and refused to remit the fine or the costs. He declared that he is going to make a special effort hereafter to locate all men who swear at their horses and when he does so he will bring them into court, no matter what their social standing may be. When he gets them into court, the magistrate declares, he will fine them to the limit of the law.

## VETERAN PROFITS BY KINDNESS

Kindness to a vicious horse, which converted it into a valuable animal, saved Richard Coates, a civil war veteran, his job with a lumber firm, in Riverside, New Jersey, when the company laid off many employees. Coates was told he had been retained because of his kindness to the horses.

When first employed in the company's stable, Coates was warned against one of the horses, the ugly temper of which had become a byword. He tried sugar instead of slaps and was soon able to coax the horse into working. The animal gained three hundred pounds in weight under Coates' care and is now one of the most tractable at the plant.

### WILD BIRD SONGS BY TELEPHONE

Wonderful Possibilities of Wildwood Carols  
Demonstrated in Cincinnati

By FELIX J. KOCH



SOME summer's evening, when time hangs heavy and you happen to feel like hearing some music but are not disposed to go in and play or sing for yourself, step to the telephone, ask Information on whose long-distance farm a mocking-

bird may just now be reported singing, and then have her connect you with the place—possibly at no greater cost than usual toll, plus the addition of a dime or a quarter, said dime or quarter to go to the party at the other end. Perhaps, even, the telephone company will subsidize the farmers directly, posting a standing reward to any subscriber for informing "exchange" when a wild bird is singing within sound of the telephone, the company then ringing up all persons desiring such service, connecting them with one and the same wire, and itself benefiting by their joint tolls. Impossible?

Not a bit of it. In Cincinnati they have just had the thing demonstrated, when Game Warden Kuertz, of Hazelwood, Ohio, permitted the representatives of the press, in their offices in Cincinnati, to actually listen to the very first bluebirds of the year, by telephone. Here is the verbatim official report of the experiment, as printed in the papers that day:

"The morning carols of the first bluebirds of the season in Ohio were heard over the telephone in this office on Saturday morning, while the listener, with telephone-receiver pressed to his ear, watched the falling flakes of the morning snow-storm. The carols came over the wire from the home of Game Warden Louis Kuertz, in Hazelwood.

"Two of the six bluebirds audible sat on a perch of one of the bird-houses built by Kuertz. No snow was falling in Hazelwood at the time and the songsters had just dined on ivy-berries plucked from the vines on the walls of the Kuertz residence. The game warden opened a window cautiously, not to frighten the warblers, which had been visiting him since Friday morning. He formed a megaphone, fashioned from an old newspaper, and by means of this large paper cup the songs were caught by the telephone and sent over the wire.

"Listen to the spring symphony," exclaimed Kuertz, delighted.

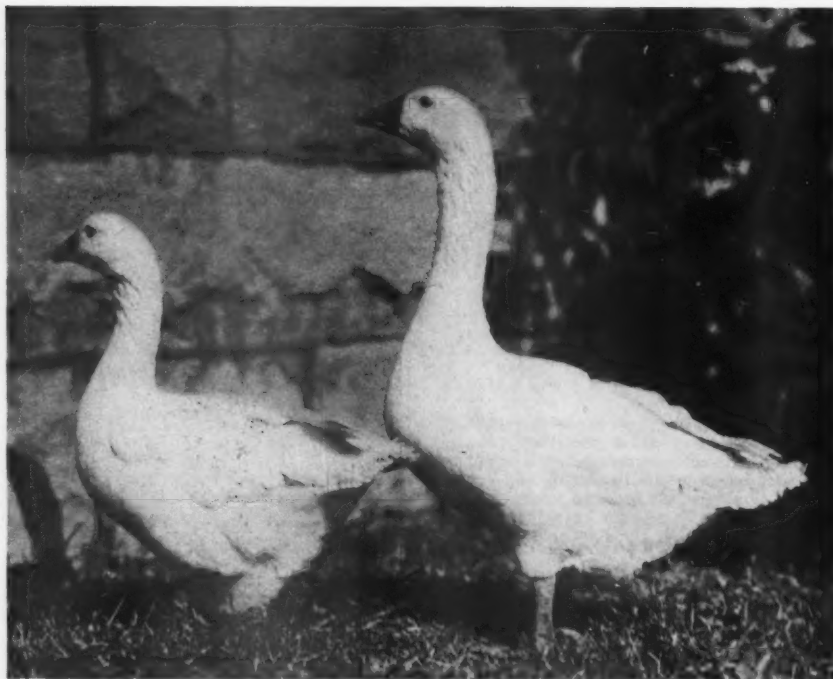
"The birds very soon took fright and flew off, not, however, before the newspaper-men had heard their sweet carols.

"They'll be back," said Kuertz, and again he had all in readiness for these musicians, when they should choose to come back from the woods."

Once the system has been perfected, the chance for the city dweller to hear native bird songs will mean wonderful revelations to students of nature, and city children who have never seen a wild bird in its haunts will be treated to that most glorious of nature's music, the jubilant carols of a free, native wild bird.

### BIRD DAY IN OKLAHOMA

Governor Cruce of Oklahoma has issued a proclamation designating Friday, April 3, as Bird Day in that State. State Superintendent of Public Instruction Wilson has requested the teachers throughout Oklahoma to carry out an appropriate program, arranged for the occasion by his department. Thousands of pamphlets have been mailed to aid the schools in observing the day.



PRIZE-WINNING EMBDEN GEESSE

### VESPERS

By ETHEL HALLETT PORTER

The little birds all face the sun,  
And sing to him from leafy limbs,  
Deep sheltered, when the day is done,—  
Their twittering, trusting creature-hymns.  
Oh, little tender, feathered things!  
But for your music, spring were bleak,  
And summer would go droopingly  
With tears upon her cheek.

Strange that grim tragedy should stalk  
About these lives,—that grief and care,  
Anxiety, and toil and woe,  
Should fret the kingdom of the air!  
What humor, pathos, pain and care  
In Birdland! Yet, when day is done  
And vesper impulse thrills their hearts,  
The little birds all face the sun.

### NEW HOME OF THE EGRET

The Canal Zone will be made a safe retreat for the birds and a preserve for the native beasts, if its first civil governor, Colonel Goethals, continues the same policy that he has insisted upon while engineering one of the greatest of the world's works.

In spite of the fact that lakes have been drained or filled, rivers diverted to new courses, and the isthmus transformed into a teeming, populous region, the wild birds and animals have been protected from slaughter and so have increased since the great project was started.

Knowing well that they were practically safe from destruction, the birds have multiplied almost within the din of blasting and the smoke of powder. It is reported that the shores and floating islands of Gatun Lake, which covers an area of one hundred and twenty square miles, abound in both blue and white herons, cranes, pelicans and wild ducks. In fact, more type species have been found here than in any other section of either North or South America.

With the depopulation of the zone, which is well under way, there will be even less disturbance of the wild fowl. They may be expected to make here their permanent home, which will add yet another attraction to a place whither so many will soon be tending.

### SPARROW TAKES FOOD TO CARDINAL

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the writer and philozoist of Cleveland, Ohio, calls our attention to the observation of a neighbor of hers, who makes a practice of feeding the birds. Among her visitors in the deep snow of February 20 last, was a beautiful red cardinal. She saw an English sparrow pick up a piece of the bread she had thrown out for the birds, take it in his mouth, carry it a rod or two, and then drop it to the cardinal who ate it and seemed to appreciate the attention. "Pretty good for the sparrows, whom I like," adds Mrs. Bolton.

### REX, AN EDITOR'S DOG

Wm. M. Hyde, editor of the *News*, Port Washington, New York, publishes in his paper the obituary of his faithful dog, as follows:

Thirteen years ago he came into my possession. He was given to me by a friend. He was a small puppy then. I picked him up and put him into my buggy. While I had him in my arms I fondled him and thought he was the best dog I had ever seen. I never had occasion to change my opinion of Rex. A week ago today I picked him up and caressed him as I did when he was a pup. As I laid him down upon a soft bed of clean straw he looked into my eyes, licked my hand and laid his head down to raise it no more. It was all over in a second; my old friend had breathed his last; he had waited for me to come home before saying the last good-bye. He had told his loving mistress a few hours before that he hadn't long to stay. But he waited for his master.

Rex was a thoroughbred pointer. No better dog ever lived. He loved the fields and woods and was never happier than when in action. He often shared his master's lunch, and was always thankful for part of it, no matter how small the part. He was friendly and companionable to all he knew, and few dogs had more friends than Rex. His conduct was void of censurableness. He loved his master and mistress and they loved him. Good old Rex.

Note.—To some of our readers the above may not appear fitting for the front page of a newspaper. We ask them to pass it by. Obituaries more appropriate, perhaps, but of less importance to the editor, have found position here before. We are just saying a few words for an old friend; one whom we will remember as long as we live.—Ed.



## My Colony of Purple Martins *by JOHN T. TIMMONS*

**W**HEN I was a mere boy my father erected a small two-room bird-house for the purple martin.

Being almost blind, but possessed of a very acute sense of hearing, I got great pleasure out of listening for the martins each spring, as they always came to the little home on our lawn. Their sweet liquid notes and constant cheery chatter developed a love for them in my breast that has grown ever since, and will never die. Notwithstanding the fact that what little vision I had in early youth has faded away into gloom, I have resolved to devote a great portion of my life and energy to our friends the birds.

My father kept honey-bees, and he happened to see the kingbirds darting about among the great swarms of busy workers, and he concluded they were catching his bees. He was a good shot with the old fashioned rifle, and often brought down the "bee catchers," as he called the kingbirds.

I shall never forget the day when he announced he was going to kill the martins, for he imagined that they too were destroying his honey-bees. In less than half an hour he had cut the pole down that supported the home of the birds.

I well remember the bitter tears I shed on that and subsequent days, and it was then I resolved if I ever had a home of my own, I would erect a home for the martins.



MARTIN CASTLE AT "BIRD LAWN"

Although laboring at a great disadvantage, I managed to secure a fair education, and put my knowledge to a good use. Learning the type-writer wholly through the sense of touch, I began to write and try to sell my work. Most of my efforts have been to interest people in our birds. I find many publishers are interested in little nature study stories, and I have managed to build for myself and good wife a neat little home. We are living here happily amid the birds and flowers. I call our place "Bird Lawn."

Without eyesight and with poor tools, I have built a number of homes for the different birds that will occupy such quarters. I have a number of cozy homes for the martins, and others for bluebirds, wrens and chickadees.

My colony of martins became so large I decided to erect a large bird castle for their use. It stands at the point where I placed the first bird-house, and the birds return to it each season. It contains one hundred and two rooms, and has five stories besides a double-decked attic. It is built very substantially, with openings into each room, and a system of ventilation which will supply fresh air through the entire structure. It is ornamented with neat verandas on which the birds sit and furnish me with a concert that cannot be equaled anywhere, in my estimation.

Persons residing in my neighborhood declare their orchards are bearing more and better fruit than they did prior to the establishment of our great colony of insect-destroying birds. Many are building bird-houses. It is certainly a noble work.

### HOW TO BUILD BIRD-HOUSES

By EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH

State Ornithologist of Massachusetts

**M**ORE than 20,000 nesting boxes, or bird-houses, have been put up in Massachusetts at my recommendation during the past ten years, but unfortunately many of these have not been occupied by birds. People need instruction regarding the sizes of bird-houses and when, how, and where to place them. One reason why people in cities have not been successful is that native birds which nest in boxes will not settle in numbers where English sparrows, cats, and squirrels are numerous.

Nesting boxes for the smaller birds should be made with entrances so small that gray squirrels cannot get in. Sparrows may be kept out of the wrens' nesting boxes by making the entrance not over one inch in diameter. They may be discouraged from building in other nesting boxes by taking the eggs, which involves no cruelty, or by keeping the boxes closed until the sparrows have built elsewhere, and then opening them about May 1, when the native birds have mated.

The entrance holes of the nesting boxes should be 1½ inches for chickadees; 1½ inches for bluebirds or swallows, and 2 inches or more for martins. Pine wood is the best material for a bird-house, as it is light but strong and durable enough. Metal or pottery may be used if put up in the shade. We must allow the birds to be the judges of what they want. The inside measurements of a box for wrens may be 3½x3½x6; for chickadees, 3½x3½x9½; for bluebirds, 4½x4½x9½; for swallows, 5x5x6½. The longest dimension is always the vertical one. These measurements are not arbitrary. The boxes may be larger, but not much smaller. The swallow box may have a perch, but that is not absolutely essential.

The back board should project two or three inches below the box so that it may be nailed or screwed to a pole, building, or tree. The roof may be horizontal or sloping toward the front, and it should project at least two inches over the entrance hole which should be near the top. The size of the entrance hole is most important.

Most people put up too many bird boxes at the start. The birds quarrel for them and sometimes do not nest at all. They should be placed at least 100 feet apart at first; 200 feet or even more, is better. After the first comers have settled and have eggs or young, a few other boxes may be put up.



Photograph from Audubon Society

### EVERYBODY LOVES A ROBIN

#### NORTHWARD HO!

##### Bird-Migration

By S. J. DOUGLASS

Rich-freighted argosies o'erhead,  
Beating toward distant Arctic skies—  
Proud galleons—full-fledged pinions spread!  
At every stroke broad landscape flies;  
And on and on winged-journey lies.

Warm Ocean's breath invites to flight:  
Sweet South-wind whispers, "Follow me!"  
Trim fleets, on lake or sheltered bight,  
Come sailing in on strong wing free,  
And gaily deck the surf-white sea.

How flash old Ocean's briny shores!  
How bright the river's emerald bed!  
And long-drawn ridges guide to stores  
Where countless wanderers have fed,—  
Long to far homes these paths have led!

Aloft, see harrow-pictured sky;  
The whirling ducks' long, purpling lines;  
Hear stilted crane's far, creaking cry!  
How snowy swan's white mantle shines,  
Bound for cool lake by dark-robed pines!

What splendid vista—"bird's-eye view"—  
Conned from the heights of upper air!  
Soaring aloft, where prospects new  
Glide swiftly past, like pictures rare,—  
Lake, silvery brook; hills, meadows fair!

Perchance, ice-bound the long-sought streams:  
Mayhap, snow-crisped nest-sheltering tree:  
Afair, stream, tree have filled bird-dreams.  
But soon warm winds song-brooks shall free,  
And bud and leaf deck dell and lea.

Homes—homes to-be, at end of flight!  
Press on stout hearts and hardy wing!  
Next, armies vast, of lesser might,  
Flit joyous on, and trill and sing  
The songs of ever-circling Spring.

One Mind directs that wondrous flight:  
One Heart is pained at sparrow's fall.  
What darkness, deep as shades of night,  
Must heart, or mind, or soul enthral  
That gloats o'er pain to great or small!

#### OUR FRIENDS, THE BIRDS

From "Sanctuary," by Percy Mackaye, in the  
February Century

Show me the field that breeds your harvest pest  
Of chinch or weevil,  
Where all the blossoms wither with strange evil,  
Or where, in filmy tents,  
The hairy creepers gorge in regiments  
Your budding apple-boughs;  
Show your ancestral elms  
Gaunt-limbed with leprosy, which overwhelms  
Their green old age in death;  
Or those swift locust clouds, whose breath  
Blasts the ripe loveliness of spring!  
Show these, and more  
Than these, and cry on Ornith! She shall bring—  
From hill and shore  
And plain—her winged flocks and warbling broods,  
And swing away their deadly multitudes.

## DOGS

I've known dogs to leave their dinner,  
Nosing a kind heart in a sinner.  
Poor old Crafty wagged his tail  
The day I first came home from jail.  
When all my folks so primly clad,  
Glowered back and thought me mad,  
And muttered how they'd been respected,  
While I was what they'd all expected.  
(I've thought of that old dog for years,  
And of how near I come to tears.)

JOHN MASEFIELD.  
From "The Everlasting Mercy."

## THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN

By S. J. DOUGLASS



**U**NDER the title, "A Shepherd's Life," Mr. W. H. Hudson in a recent work gives many incidents in the, if not eventful, by no means eventless, experience of such an one in sunny South England. Think of changing the bustle of today for, say, sixty or seventy years on lone downs, by woods and brooks, accompanied by bird, collie and woolly flock through changing seasons—all within a horizon-line familiar from earliest memory to decrepitude! But such a life is only one of many.

It is Caleb's life-memories Mr. Hudson gives; and we filch a little from Caleb's recollections of sheep-dogs. Here is a tender word for one faithful comrade that had passed into the "sere-and-yellow-leaf" stage of life:

"When Badger got old his sight and hearing failed; yet, when he was very nearly blind, and so deaf that he could not hear a word of command, even when it was shouted out quite close to him, he was still kept with the flock because he was so intelligent and willing. But he was too old at last; it was time for him to be put out of the way. The farmer, however, who owned him, would not consent to have him shot; and so the wistful old dog was ordered to keep at home at the farm-house. Still, he refused to be superannuated; and, not allowed to go to the flock, he took to shepherding the *fowls*. In the morning he would drive them out to their run and keep them there in a flock, going round and round them by the hour, and furiously herding back the poor hens that tried to steal off to lay their eggs in some secret place. At last faithful Badger had to be mercifully dismissed from his earthly cares."

But read for yourselves of Sally—as good a dog as ever herded sheep—but one that had a keen sense of injustice; of Dyke, stolen, but at midnight, at a year's end coming home, where he had been missed as a child, and knocking with his paw at the well-known window; read of sharp grief at his loss and full joy at the reunion.

Then con the story of the Titlark, and many another; as well as tales of "tarrable good dogs" that Caleb had known beside Badger, Sally, and Dyke.

This is now easy for us, since Mr. Hudson has braved with tact and patience the suspicious taciturnity of those shut-ins from the great world, and found much to interest in their cramped lives. But he had to get over barriers of this bristly stamp:—"He be a stranger to we, and we be strangers to he," said one carefully practical old wife. However, the chestnut-bur hides very good eating.

Even after some acquaintance with Caleb, we may not be able to exactly eliminate Instinct and Reason; but perhaps we shall agree that one type of dog-character may possibly be developed by kindness, confidence, and warm meals; and another kind by the aid of farm-boots, cudgels, tin cans, and hunger.

## THE DOG SHE DESERTED

By DELL M. WRIGHT



**P**OOOR, faithful old Shep was left behind when his mistress vacated the house on Seventh avenue in October, and departed for Sioux Falls. Shep had served her faithfully for twenty-two years, and had obediently followed her in her wanderings from state to state. She made no provision for him when leaving, and could not be induced to take him along, objecting to any extra expense, so Shep lay on the doorstep of the vacant house for a week or more and humane neighbors carried him food. Besides being old and defenseless, Shep was lame from having been run over by an auto during the summer.

Finally he discovered that a lady and her little girls who had roomed with his mistress were living near by, and he established himself in the yard where they would pass him to reach their rooms on the second floor. Here he found food and kindness and sympathy for his woes, and tender-hearted Birdie ministered to his wants.

All through the lovely weather up to Christmas Shep was happy, and had a glad bark and friendly wag of his tail for all who spoke kindly to him, but as the cold began to pinch and he had no place to sleep where he could be sheltered, Shep's spirits failed.

While bells were ringing Christmas eve and happy groups of children were passing, poor Shep, shivering with cold and hunger, for he had been forgotten in the hurry of preparation for Christmas, crept under the front steps, and when Birdie came next morning with food, she found that Shep's troubles were over.

Shep was stanch and true and lived up to the best that was in his dog nature, and it pleases us to fancy him now wandering happily through dog heaven, beloved and cherished for his faithful nature and free from hunger and the pinch of cold.

The measure we mete out is measured to us again, and we doubt not that Shep's hard-hearted mistress may yet drink of the same cup that she so unfeelingly held to poor old Shep's lips.



FOX TERRIER PUPS AT DINNER

## PRINCE

By LOUISE UPHAM BROOKS

He never queries when nor how,  
He never questions what nor why,  
Alert to go until I fall,  
Or by my side to quiet lie;  
His warm, brown eyes see naught to blame,  
Or, seeing, bring no fault to mind;  
Why wonder when some struggling waif  
Chooses a dog, before mankind?  
We are full prone to choose the way  
In which another's steps should go;  
This friend would give his life for mine—  
Would you the same? I do not know.

## DOG TRAMPED 2000 MILES

Footsore and almost starved, Bonnie, a 3-year-old Scotch collie, returned to his old home in Olathe, Kansas, after a weary tramp of 2000 miles. In October, 1912, the dog was given away to be taken to a home in Southern Florida. He stayed there with his new owner for two weeks, but seemed to be discontented and would eat only occasionally. He left one night and nothing more was heard from him until he walked into Olathe sixteen months afterwards. His feet were sore and bleeding and the toenails were worn off.

## BABY SAVED FROM POISON

**T**HE intelligence and prompt action of a dog undoubtedly saved the life recently of James Bean, Jr., a Los Angeles boy of fourteen months. The little fellow was allowed to go into a vacant lot near his home under the guard of the family watch-dog, "Bow," while the mother sat on the veranda, feeling that no harm would come to her boy while the dog was with him. It was not long, however, before she was startled at seeing Bow suddenly spring upon the child, knock him down and paw frantically at him. Thinking the dog had gone mad and attacked her baby, the mother, with a cry of terror, hurried to the rescue.

But Bow had better business on hand. He had understood that it was his duty to protect his playmate who was not supposed to know as much as he, and so he acted quickly and energetically. When the frightened mother rushed on the scene and grasped the baby in her arms, the dog was beside himself with joy. The reason for his "madness" was at once apparent and who can say that it was not good and timely? Tightly clenched in the baby fist the mother found a piece of poisonous toadstool, while on the ground close by lay the larger part. The knowing dog had scratched it out of the boy's hand and had very determinedly prevented him from stuffing any portion of it into his mouth.

It is safe to say that Bow will not be restrained, muzzled or held for the purposes of observation, to determine whether he is a safe and sane companion for a small boy.



**"LOYAL" AND THE POLICEMAN**

By BESSIE G. BOWEN



ONE morning as I walked along the water front to my office, I noticed a peculiar looking man and a small dog. After that, for weeks, I saw them in the same place. The man had every appearance of a tramp and was almost always intoxicated. The policeman on the beat, Mr. C——, told me that no one ever attempted to go near him as the dog never left his side, and growled unpleasantly if any one tried to approach him. That continued all summer.

Early in the fall business called me to another part of the city, and it was late in December before I passed my old place of business again. Seeing the policeman, I asked what had become of the dog and his master, admitting that I had had my eye on the dog for some time and would like to get hold of him, and I confessed that, although he was so dirty it was almost impossible to tell what breed he was, I had noticed that he had some very good points. Mr. C—— said he was afraid the man would freeze when cold weather came on, and so they had sent him to Blackwell's Island. He told me also that the dog had snapped and snarled so furiously when they tried to take him from his master that they had been obliged to club him, and after they succeeded in separating them, he took the dog to police headquarters. He laughed when he told me that his brother officers were very indignant with him for bringing such a looking dog into the precinct, but they took a scrubbing brush and water, and after the bath the dog came out a beautiful thoroughbred fox terrier. Then Mr. C—— took him to his own home, but he said that he growled so that his wife and children were afraid to go near him and he had to put him on a chain and feed him from a distance.

Several weeks later I inquired again and found that the dog, who had been named Loyal, was still so ugly that they did not know what they could do with him.

About eight months after, I met Mr. C—— once more and asked if the tramp had ever left Blackwell's Island and how Loyal was getting along. He said the dog had grown to be so kind and affectionate that his wife and children and even the baby made the greatest pet of him; but the tramp had died on the Island. In looking over the latter's papers, which had been sent abroad, they found that he was a German nobleman. Intemperance had reduced him to the condition of a tramp, and all that he had left of his old life was the faithful little fox terrier.

Now Mr. C—— told Loyal's story as a very ordinary incident of his daily life, but I am sending it to *Our Dumb Animals*, for it seems to me that we shall all be more worthy of our homes and our jobs when we have more of the spirit of faithful, heroic devotion that Loyal had. And, again, may we not profitably learn to speak with more respect of our policemen? We are too seldom brought at close range with some of the many ways in which they protect not only people but animals. Most of us take the policeman's duty too much for granted. Let us greet them with a kindly nod of recognition and acknowledge their safeguarding. Perhaps when American boys and girls think of our policemen with the admiration and respect English boys and girls have for theirs, we shall have more officers like Mr. C—— appointed to the police force, and that will be one of the greatest assurances of the protection of our dumb animals.



GEO. W. TURNER AND HIS DOG "MACK"  
Edgartown, Massachusetts

**THE STORY OF "BALDY"**

WE are indebted to Charles Josiah Adams, D.D., of Rossville, Staten Island, for a true, good, dog story, told originally by Bishop Rowe of Alaska in a sermon in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City. Dr. Adams, who is the author of "Where Is My Dog?" and other works on animal psychology, informs us that the facts presented here are retold by the Venerable Archdeacon Nelson, D.D., and adds: "I am glad to lay the story of Baldy before the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*, but I cannot refrain from asking one question. Whether or not Baldy's soul is immortal, did he not, in the events of which relation is given, evidence that he has a soul? My impression is that he is still in the land of the living."

The dog Baldy was one of the competitors in four hundred-mile races in the North and won two of the races. During the second race the following incident occurred: Baldy's driver, happening to lean a little to the right, had the misfortune to overlook a post that had been set up in the snow to mark the route, and the consequence was that his head came in contact with the post with such violence that he was knocked insensible off the sled, which went on without him. After going some distance the dog discovered that the driver was missing. With marvelous intelligence he stopped, turned round and went back in search of his master, and kept on till he found him lying by the wayside. As the dog approached, the man was just recovering consciousness, and we can guess with what rejoicing he welcomed the return of his faithful dog.

The dog had saved the man's life and seemed to get fresh strength from this good deed, for he soon made up the lost time and won the race.

**"There are persons whose dispositions are sour, and there are dogs more likely to take offense than others, but on the whole, dog for dog, and man for man, there are more badly tempered men than dogs."**

**SAILOR**

By NELLIE M. COYE

We called him Sailor though he never crossed  
The ocean's wide expanse. He was a dog—  
Not even blooded—just a common dog,  
Clever and kind. How often when the night  
Its curtain drew would Sailor stretch himself  
Before the fire blazing on the hearth,  
And form a pillow for my childish head.  
Companioned by him through long summer  
hours

All unafraid I roamed the fields at will.  
With Sailor for my guide what should I fear?  
There came a day when we had wandered far;  
And night o'ertook my weary little feet  
Within the tangled wood.

So tired was I  
I fell beneath a tree, and Sailor stretched  
His brown length for my pillow, as at night,  
Beside the home hearth he was wont to do.  
I slept till morning, and the faithful dog  
His vigil kept.

At the first peep of day  
My childish cries awoke the sleeping birds.  
But Sailor, stanch and true, with leaps of  
joy,  
And barks that echoed all the woodland  
through,

Led me to safety and my mother's arms.  
Had he been twice a friend in human guise  
He had not been more loyal to my need.  
A common dog I called him; but beneath  
His plain brown coat a hero's heart beat true.  
The blood that tells is that which gives for you  
Its crimson stain, or for your sake defies,  
And makes of self a willing sacrifice.  
So Sailor, though a dog unpedigreed,  
To me has seemed a hero since that deed.

**BANKER EULOGIZES DOG**

A DISPATCH to the Washington, D. C., *Herald* announces that, with a depth of feeling rarely shown for an animal, Col. Joseph S. Miller, president of the First National Bank of Kenova, West Virginia, whose Scotch collie dog "Dixie" died, sent all his friends the following tribute to his former faithful companion:

To Dixie, My Collie, Died December 28, 1913.  
"For a season, good-by, old friend.

"Fate, inexorable and stronger even than the love we bear, has decreed that we must part. The cords which bound us as one have been loosened.

"If there be love and faith and hope, and if, through them, peace and joy may hereafter be attained, you, who have lived and loved and trusted, will find them further on.

"You part from me unwillingly and go upon your journey, leaving me to linger yet awhile in the valley and await the coming of the sunset. And as I wait, my heart bears the burden of my sorrow and my tears shall be restrained lest they tell the story of my grief to those whose love we never had.

"When the light gives way to darkness and I go beyond the river will you lead me out of the shadows by paths that are unknown to me and guide my weary footsteps to the summit of the hills? And on the mountain top will you be beside me as I turn my eyes toward the radiant East, and, with strengthened vision, behold in the distance the hallowed plains of Bethlehem clothed in the splendor of the glorious sunrise?

"Until we shall know, farewell."

Col. Miller and his collie were inseparable companions, the dog accompanying him in all his rambles about Kenova.

**NOT SENTIMENTAL**

There is nothing either sentimental or foolish in loving that which with a whole heart and perfectly, loves you; and a dog's devotion is one of the most perfect, most touching and complete sentiments that can be manifested by one living creature to another. ROBERT HICHENS.

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, April, 1914

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

### ANIMALS AND THE STAGE

We believe the lot of animals taught to perform on the stage for the amusement of an unthinking public, is one of hardship, often of great suffering. If only men and women who witness these performances would consider that the chances are all against the animal's being trained by kindness, and refuse to applaud the trainers, this would do something toward discouraging the practice. We wish the public protest against this sort of thing were strong enough to end it altogether. It is not, however, and meantime we must do the best we can, viz., watch for cruelty wherever we can learn of its existence and punish the offender.

In England the agitation on this subject is very active.

The London *Chronicle* is authority for the news that henceforth the owners of all performing or trick animals in England must secure from the Royal S. P. C. A. a license previous to putting the animals on exhibition. The Society, after a careful examination, to be convinced that no cruelty is used in the training or treatment of the animals, may issue a license which is immediately forfeited if any cruelty is discovered afterwards, and animal trainers convicted of cruelty will not only be deprived of their licenses but all their engagements will be cancelled and they themselves expelled from the artists' organizations.

If this is true it is one of the triumphs of justice in behalf of animal rights. We pray that public sentiment may some day make possible in this country a similar provision. F.H.R.

### THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF IT

Charles Lamb had little difficulty in seeing the humorous side of things. To all who love his writings this familiar passage from a letter to a friend to whom he had entrusted his dog Dash will be re-read with pleasure:

"Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? \* \* \* Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence; the first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was hydrophobia. \* \* \* You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite." F.H.R.

### THE BOSTON BRANCH OF THE MASS. S. P. C. A.

Through the generous and cordial cooperation of Miss Dorothy Forbes, this auxiliary to our Society here in Boston has been formed. It has received the heartiest endorsement of our Directors.

The object of this branch is to reduce as far as possible the number of old and worn-out horses in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Forbes, a thorough horsewoman, has long been interested in this subject as the result of her personal experience in discovering horses of this type and, through our Society, having them humanely destroyed. She has repeatedly stopped the drivers of such horses in more or less out-of-the-way places, telephoned to our office for an agent, and then stayed, sometimes for an hour or two on the spot, until the agent arrived and she saw the horse delivered up to be put out of its suffering. A large number of such cases are to her credit among the 1654 horses whose weary road this past twelve months we have brought to a painless end. This is the kind of "observation" and "reporting" she believes in.

It is to induce many of her personal friends and others who love horses, particularly, to join her in this kind of work that she has formed this Branch. It is hoped that this idea may spread to all the more important cities of the country and similar auxiliaries be started to work in conjunction with humane societies. It is a most praiseworthy, and, we believe, a thoroughly practicable ambition.

The Branch has an attractive badge in blue and gold and cards of instruction are issued to all who join. The membership fee is one dollar.

Miss Forbes may be addressed at 107 Commonwealth Avenue. F.H.R.

### THE WORCESTER BRANCH

This Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has been doing excellent work, and the parent Society is proud of it. Its latest act of efficiency was connected with feeding the birds during the February storms. A distance of ten miles was covered each side of the city. Agent Dyson tells us that more than a ton of grain was distributed by the Branch through the agency of the Boy Scouts who cooperated with great enthusiasm. Some of the recently formed Worcester Bands of Mercy also went out with bags of corn and other food.

Mr. George Bieberbach has been appointed agent, on part time for Worcester as an assistant to Mr. Dyson, leaving the latter more time to devote to the counties of which he has charge. F.H.R.

### A LETTER OF PROTEST

The following letter was sent to the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., on February 18, 1914:

Gentlemen:

The American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the meetings of their Directors, held today, voted that I be instructed to send you their earnest protest against the capturing and shipping to local zoos of the various wild animals in the Yellowstone National Park. Unless these animals have multiplied to the point where it has become necessary to remove part of them we sincerely trust they may be allowed the freedom now enjoyed by them in the Park. Should it be necessary to reduce the number, we believe it would be better to have them humanely destroyed rather than suffer from the fright and distress involved in their capture and shipment and subsequent captivity in a zoological garden.

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.

### REFORM IN SLAUGHTERING

We print below a copy of the bill relative to Public Abattoirs, which we introduced into the present Massachusetts Legislature:

#### RESOLVE

Relative to the Establishment of Public Abattoirs.

*Resolved*, That a commission of three persons shall be appointed by the governor, with the advice and consent of the council, to investigate the practicability and expediency of establishing public abattoirs in the commonwealth, and of enforcing such rules and regulations for the inspection of meat as will conform to those adopted by the United States department of agriculture. The commission shall also consider the expediency of prohibiting or restricting the maintenance and use of private abattoirs, and may give public hearings if it deems them necessary. The members of the commission shall serve without compensation, but may expend, in carrying out the provisions of this resolve, such sums, not exceeding one thousand dollars in the aggregate, as shall be approved by the governor and council. The commission shall report to the next general court on or before the second Wednesday of January.

The public abattoir is the only solution of many of the problems connected with the slaughter of our food animals. By the public abattoir is meant a slaughtering establishment owned and managed by the state, or by a municipality. It is a place where all the animals killed for food in any community are brought for slaughter and inspection. It is an institution scarcely known in this country, though a familiar sight in continental Europe, in such lands as Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France and Denmark. Germany has, however, carried the system to its greatest perfection. She has more than 900 of these public abattoirs. In many cases they are externally among the attractions of the city. For example, the abattoir at Straubing is faced with white marble, and the beautiful group of buildings constituting the Dresden abattoir cost five million dollars.

These central stations for slaughtering under state or municipal management guarantee the best sort of inspection, both ante-mortem and post-mortem, the latest sanitary conditions, and the handling of the animals with the minimum of suffering. In addition to these important features they save money to the individual butchers, and Dr. Heis of Straubing, is authority for the statement that in no single instance in Germany have they failed to be self-supporting. Berlin, for instance, has but one abattoir for her more than three and a half million inhabitants, yet though this establishment employs 640 people, many of them microscopists, the city has never been called upon to make up any deficit. In a large number of cases these public abattoirs have contributed, by their profits, to the reduction of taxes. This has been true also in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Belfast.

There are few darker stains on our present-day civilization in this country than the thousands of filthy, loathsome little slaughter-pens scattered over every state where animals are killed for food under conditions most favorable to the infection of food and the spread of disease. Inspection in most of these places is a shameless travesty of the word.

The public abattoir may be long delayed. It is absolutely sure to come in this country, however, just as everything else has come or will come, that is against disease, and unwholesome and infected foods. We shall have the public abattoir at last as now we have the public sewerage and the public water system. F.H.R.

"You have just dined; and however scrupulously the slaughter-house is concealed in a graceful distance of miles, there is complicity." EMERSON.





Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston  
Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;  
S. LEROY SHAPLEIGH, Asst. Treas.;  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

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#### FREE DISPENSARY

73 Central Street, Boston

Open daily except Sunday from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C.V.S. D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined .....	4255
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined .....	510
Number of prosecutions .....	18
Number of convictions .....	16
Horses taken from work .....	122
Horses humanely killed .....	83
Animals treated at Free Dispensary ..	423
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined .....	24,360
Cattle, swine and sheep killed .....	44

The Mass. S. P. C. A. has received bequests of \$9106.63 (balance) from Mrs. Rachel Lewis, \$5000 from the estate of Charles H. Hayden, \$1071.50 from the estate of Mrs. Rachel M. Gill, \$500 from the estate of Ellen McKendry, \$250 from the estate of Edward De La Granga, and \$225 from the estate of Mrs. E. F. Noble; also gifts of \$100 from "E. A. H.," \$50 from Mrs. C. E. Thayer, \$25 from Mrs. Charles Van Brunt, and \$20 from Miss Harriet E. Mansfield; and \$400.71, interest. The Society has been remembered in the wills of Sarah D. Magill of Springfield and Charles A. Boynton of Everett.

The American Humane Education Society has received a bequest of \$665 from Mrs. Mary J. Edson, \$485 from the estate of Mrs. E. F. Noble, \$135.82 from "a co-worker" for the distribution of humane literature, \$100 from "a friend of animals," \$57.55 for literature from a Rhode Island friend, and \$837.28, interest.

Boston, March 18, 1914.

#### FIRE PROTECTION IN STABLES

The following is a copy of the bill introduced by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. into the present State legislature. It was prepared after careful consultation with the Boston Fire Commissioner, with some of the leading fire insurance people of the city, and with horse owners and practical stable men:

Section 1. Whoever occupies or uses a building in any city or town as a stable for more than six horses or mules, in which there is any fire for the purpose of heating such building or for any other purpose, shall keep at night a suitable person constantly in such building, and during the day either in the building or on the immediate premises. But this section shall not apply to buildings where a watchman is employed: *provided that* the watchman visits the building once each hour during the night.

Section 2. In all cellars or basements where horses or mules are kept there shall be an exit from the cellar or basement directly to the outside of the building. If more than ten horses are kept in a cellar or basement there shall be two such exits at opposite ends, provided the building and its surroundings make a second exit possible.

Section 3. Where more than ten horses or mules are kept on the ground floor there shall be two means of exit directly to the outside of the building, at opposite ends, provided the building and its surroundings make a second exit possible.

Section 4. Not more than eight horses or mules shall be kept on the second floor of any building unless there are two means of exit therefrom.

Section 5. No horses or mules shall be kept on the third floor of any building unless there shall be a fireproof partition running through the middle of the third floor with automatic doors and two exits to the floor below.

Section 6. All stables constructed from this time onward when arrangements are made to keep horses on the third floor shall have two means of exit from this third floor, one of which shall be provided with automatic doors and shall be to the outside of the building only, and shall be constructed of such fireproof material as shall be satisfactory to the building commissioner or to the officer or board having the authority of a building commissioner. But Sections 5 and 6 shall not apply to stables equipped with the automatic sprinkler system.

Section 7. Violation of any provision of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than five nor more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than six months for each offence.

Section 8. This act shall go into effect six months after its passage.

#### BIRDS AND AWNINGS

We have received the following communication from a correspondent:

"I wish you would put a notice in *Our Dumb Animals*, asking people to lower their awnings occasionally (this applies to business places especially) before the pigeons and birds get their nests built. Every year there are nests with eggs destroyed, and sometimes baby birds, when it gets warmer and the awnings are opened.

"We open ours frequently, because the pigeons insist upon building their nests there. If everyone would do this it would save some tragedies in bird life later on."

#### GENERAL CHAMBERLAIN

The distinguished soldier, educator, man of affairs and patriot, General Chamberlain, whose death a few weeks ago drew forth such a host of noble testimonials to his character and ability, wrote, when president of Bowdoin College, concerning the work of the American Humane Education Society:

"The work you are doing on many lines to encourage humane practices towards the lower animals has a sure and important effect on humanity itself. You reach not only a sentiment which is worthy, but a principle which belongs to what is highest in character.

"I believe our people will understand and appreciate the great education of character which you are so steadfastly promoting."

As governor of Maine he wrote:

"*Our Dumb Animals* is one of the most interesting papers I read, and I read the whole of every number. It cannot fail to be of very great usefulness in far-reaching ways wherever it goes. It will save many a boy from falling into evil courses and will effectually support the lessons of the mother and sister."

F.H.R.

#### THE CENTRAL QUESTION

In the annual report of the Council of Justice for Animals, 1913 (an English Society), Miss Lindaf-Hageby, the widely-known humanitarian and anti-vivisectionist, is quoted as saying that she regards slaughter-house reform "as the central question of the animal protection movement." One has but to think how the number of our food animals exceeds many fold the number of all the other animals whose fate we determine, and to know what is involved in the slaughter of animals, to discover how necessarily true her words are.

F.H.R.

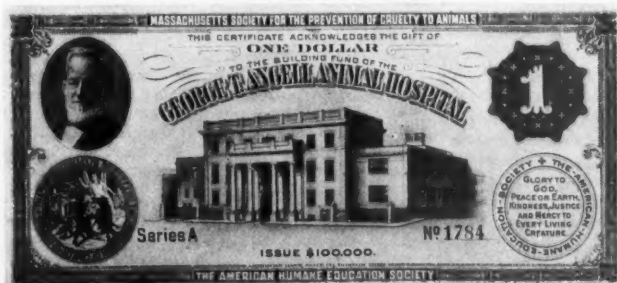
#### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than can be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

WILL YOU NOT SUBSCRIBE FOR ONE OR MORE OF THESE CERTIFICATES?



I herewith remit the sum of \$..... for.....  
Certificates, said amount to be used in the erection of the  
ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMALS' HOSPITAL.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....



## American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;  
S. LEROY SHAPLEIGH, Asst. Treas.;  
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Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho  
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio

### PAYING THE PENALTY

Nineteen railroads of the United States were convicted by the Government between December 11, 1913, and January 10, 1914, for 88 violations of the federal law, which fixes 28 hours as the limit of time live stock may be kept in transit without being unloaded for rest, food and water. The fines paid were in excess of \$10,000. This shows a most praiseworthy activity on the part of the federal authorities connected with the Department of Agriculture. F.H.R.

### INTERNATIONAL BIRD PROTECTION

Secretary Bryan has instituted negotiations with Great Britain with a view to the protection of migratory game birds which pass between Canada and the United States. He is acting under authority of a law of Congress. The proposed treaty applies also to birds that visit the British colonies in Central and South America.

It is understood that this treaty will be followed by others to be negotiated between the United States and France, Denmark and Holland, which have colonies in the Western Hemisphere, and also with the Latin American countries and possibly with still other countries of Europe or Asia.

The ultimate object is to bind the nations of the world to a plan of protecting migratory bird life. Mexico will probably be included when a government that can be recognized by the United States shall be established.

### BAND OF MERCY IN INDIA

Mrs. N. Agnes Robb, a missionary in Sura, Assam, India, now on her way home on a furlough, writes interestingly of her Band of Mercy:

"I am sorry to leave this Band in its babyhood, but I am leaving it in the hands of our faithful matron, Dobaki, who is a teacher in the primary school. She has a kindly feeling for animals and understands the children well. She reads English fairly well and will be able to translate some of the articles for the children. A missionary who is on the way here now will, I hope, be interested enough to help out after she has gained some command of the language.

"Not much more than half a century ago these people were wild savages and cruel head-hunters, though they were not cannibals so far as we know. Now there are many schools and more than 5000 Christians.

"There are forty-one members, big and little, in the Band, and would be more if I could give more time to it. Some of the big boys and girls who joined have graduated from our school here this year and gone home to their villages. Some of them, I feel sure, are interested enough to teach along humane lines if they do not really organize Bands. The seed has been sown and I pray the good work may spread.

"When I organized the Band our tiny four-year-old girl wanted to join. I thought she was too young to really understand, so told her she had better wait until she was a little older, but she said that she did understand. 'Well,' I said, 'what is it that you promise?' and she replied, 'I promise not to beat the puppy.' Those are not exactly the words of the pledge but she was allowed to join."

### AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER

Sometimes letters of criticism that are bitter in tone and unreasoning in demands are received by this publication. More often come welcome messages of encouragement or perchance kindly suggestions. The other day, from far-off Utah, came this appreciative note from the editor of the *Salina Call*:

*Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

Dear Editor: I have been pleased beyond expression to receive your magnificent magazine each month for a number of years, or ever since I was in the newspaper business.

How shall I speak in praise of a paper that has done so much in the years that are passed for that great army of creatures "that cannot speak for themselves?" How could I find good enough means or ways of thanking and giving my gratitude to the magnificent and inspired soul of the founder of *Our Dumb Animals*, and those who are now conducting the paper? But let me add my feeble words in sincerest and most heartfelt thanks and gratitude for the work you are doing.

It is indeed noble to work for, to protect, to uplift, to be kind to the men and women and children around us who have voices and actions and means to thank and praise and remunerate for the service. But indeed, how much more noble to protect, to uplift, to be kind to, and to work for the hosts of lowly animals which have not tongues or lips to give thanks or praise with, and which have no earthly way of repaying the service! Surely the Prince of Peace looks with great favor upon your work, and a loving Creator smiles upon such deeds, and in that day when He shall make up His jewels, the ones who have spoken for "those that cannot speak for themselves" shall have their part and portion.

Very respectfully and thankfully yours,  
(Signed) C. N. LUND.

### "WILL THE MONEY COME?"

CHARLES L. WHITE, in *The Watchman*

[The following is republished because it illustrates so well the working of our own annuity plan which is almost identical with the one here described. See page 169.]

WILL the money surely come, Aunt Hannah?"

It was a burning question for Margaret Holden, as she was going to college the next morning, and she could not enter until she had paid the charge for the first half of the year. By diligent work she had earned one-third of the amount needed during the summer, for her relative believed that it was best for girls to help themselves as much as possible. The remainder of the required amount had been promised by Aunt Hannah on the morning of the day when it should be needed.

"I wish," said Margaret, "that I felt as cool about this money coming as you do, Auntie."

"Well, you ought to, my child, and if you are a day late at college, it won't hurt you, but I can assure you the money will be here on time."

"Well, I suppose assurance comes with age," said the niece, laughing.

"Perhaps so, but it also comes with experience. And yet if I were to trust the arrival of the interest promptly on a certain date from Mr. Johnson, on whose house I have a mortgage, I should be expecting the impossible, for he is often a week late in paying it. If I should expect the prompt payment of the rents on the half-dozen houses I own in town, I should be hoping for something contrary to experience. But for fifteen years, as regularly as the day comes around, every six months, and often on the day before, I get my checks from the missionary societies on my annuity bonds which your Uncle John arranged for when he died. I receive a larger per cent. also than on any of my other investments, and I have no worry about them and have to pay no taxes and have no fear that they will ever be lost or the income reduced as long as I live. I believe, my child, that they have added to my peace of mind and thus have added years to my life. Don't worry. Those treasurers of our missionary societies are as prompt as bankers. The checks will all come in time."

That night two checks came and in the morning mail three others, and Margaret was radiant. When the girls had gone off to college Aunt Hannah returned two of the checks, saying that she did not need them at the present time, and wished the amounts to constitute a part of her personal contribution for mission work. She also wrote this letter to one of the treasurers:

The annuity bonds have given me such satisfaction and have brought such relief from anxiety that I have decided to increase the amount which your Society and several of the other Societies received from my husband to furnish an income for me. I therefore will soon send you and to the other Societies about two-thirds of what I have in my other investments, for a mortgage of \$8000 will come due next week. I also expect soon to sell the houses which I own in town. I wish to divide these amounts in about the same proportions as my husband did the amount which he gave to the Societies. The \$8000 which I shall send to you next week will purchase an annuity bond for my niece, Margaret Holden, and myself, at the usual rate which you give when two lives are involved. I have three other relatives whom I wish to bless in this way, and if I sell the houses as I now expect, I shall within a month have all these matters settled.

There are several men and women in our church to whom I have explained the annuity plan, and I fully believe they will soon do what I am doing. I think it one of my Christian duties to talk annuities up in my town.

There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kindly deed.

## THE PESTILENCE

By GLADYS E. JEWETT

[Editor's Note.—Miss Jewett, who lives in Dorchester, is a student in the Girls' Latin School, Boston. She explains, "As I was asked to write an imaginary composition, with an introduction, an obstacle, and conclusion, I wrote 'The Pestilence.' I am indebted to Rev. Charles Sheldon's 'Catastrophe of 1913' for the tragical outcome of the theme, otherwise it is original."] ]

**S**TATISTICS prove that Americans are the greatest flesh-eaters on the face of the earth. The average for each person is one hundred and forty-seven pounds of meat annually. The Americans have more doctors proportionately than the people of any other nation.

Doctors, for many years, had cautioned the people in regard to eating too much meat. At first they advised "less meat"; in cases of rheumatism, "no meat at all"; but gradually as diseases increased and seemed to be caused by the excess of uric acid, "no meat" was the general advice.

Cultured people were beginning to look with abhorrence upon the packing-houses of Chicago. A world-renowned orator, an Englishwoman, upon her visit to America, asked into what terrible city she was going where the physical and atmospheric conditions were so unhealthy and impure. It was Chicago. Gentlewomen after visiting the slaughter-houses of Chicago, never touched meat again. They had seen the terrible conditions through which the animals had to pass before being killed, and they refused longer to be a party to them.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a crisp, winter morning in January. I reached out of my warm bed and struck a match to see what time it was. To my surprise, it was seven o'clock, and father hadn't called me. Something must be wrong. I jumped out, and quickly danced into my clothes. I hurried down stairs only to find father and mother conversing by means of paper and pencil.

My usual morning salutation got no farther than my throat. I could not utter a sound! Quickly I looked from father to mother, searching their faces for some ray of explanation. Slowly but surely, as I read the fearful sadness in mother's eyes, and the stern yet uncomprehending appeal in father's, was it borne in on my consciousness that we were stricken dumb. Quickly I grabbed the pencil and paper.

"What, oh, what could it mean? Did they ever hear the like before?" A sad shake of the head was my only answer. Brother came down and much the same sad scene was enacted.

We now bethought ourselves to look out on the street. We knew at once by the excited, gesticulating groups of people that some others, at least, were similarly afflicted. But not a sound was heard. Father ran out and joined the nearest group, then back to tell us that so far as anyone there knew, no person had spoken a word since midnight. Doctors had been silently consulted and they silently admitted their absolute inability to throw any light on this strange malady. Should we go to business and to school? Why not? One must do something.

Father and I started off together, and his hand sought mine in natural comradeship, but otherwise we went silently on until we parted, he for the train and I for the car.

Great indeed was my surprise when I found that absolutely no one could talk. I greeted my chums with a morning salute, but no word could pass between us.

What could we do at school? Everything had to be written, but paper could not last forever. Blackboards were used but chalk and erasers soon were worn to dust. Food could not be obtained for lunches without notifying the bakers and other dealers.



PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF PUSS IN UNUSUAL POSES

Schools finally were entirely closed. Churches were absolutely useless except for the silent prayers of silent humanity. Cars stopped running because of lack of orders to the men, and because of frequent accidents. Mails were delivered to be sure, but very slow was the rate of the carriers. Soon stores were without goods of any kind, yet people crowded to buy. But food must be obtained, and consequently more animals were slaughtered.

What was to be done? Doctors nor anyone knew the cause of this dreadful calamity. The people, already sick with contagious diseases, grew worse for lack of care. Diseases spread like a plague all over the country. Famine was about to set in. People of other nations did not dare enter the country, and they could not long supply such a great people as ours with food and clothing.

At last a ship from the Orient, bearing an Indian Yogi from the city of Madras, entered a port on the coast of California. He came bringing a great message from the East—the secret or cause of the pestilence. He said that the accumulated agony of ages of cruelty towards our dumb friends, the animals, had at last reacted upon man, who had caused all the suffering. And that if these brothers could speak, they could and would tell us truths which would cause us to pause and consider. Just as a mother sometimes bears on her body the bruise of an accident to an offspring, an accident which she was powerless to avert, yet was obliged to witness; so the whole American people, for nature's sake, had to bear the result of man's inhumanity towards his four-footed brothers. "Remember, now, the tie of Brotherhood which binds you to your lower brothers, as it also binds you to your Christ and the elder brothers of the

race. Be humane!" Thus spoke the Oriental to all America.

The people considered deeply what this great teacher said. They could not give up meat immediately, but what should they eat instead of meat? "This great rich country of yours is teeming with plenty. Search God's great storehouse," was the reply of the Oriental. Those who had long been vegetarians were given speech when the foot of the Oriental touched American soil. Next to be freed were those who first refused longer to demand animal sacrifice.

It was the latter part of March before all were entirely freed from the calamity. The Oriental was rewarded by the benefit conferred alike on men and animals, and was asked more questions than he could answer. Everyone was so happy that it was quite confusing to talk. The animals themselves seemed to rejoice. Truly did they seem to realize that the tyranny was at last ended, and that they were freed. And instead of gloomy, grimy slaughter-houses, there were erected, as quickly as possible, public buildings for the amusement and culture of the people. Schools, churches and stores were reopened in better form than before, because everyone had a broader and more humanitarian view of life.

## SPRING MUSIC

My heart sings with the robin,

The silver flashing rill,

And carols with the breezes

In joy's delicious thrill;

With flowers and grass and lambkins,

It joins the glad refrain;

"Oh, fairest days!

Oh, rarest days!

'Tis blossom-time again!"

GEORGE COOPER.

## THE CANYON SQUIRRELS

By LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

Where the live-oaks fringe the canyons  
 By the peaceful western sea—  
 There my thoughts are fondly roaming;  
 There they ever long to be!  
 There the ground-squirrels still are romping  
 In a noisy chat'ring troop;  
 There they dwell among the hillocks  
 Clustered in a village group!  
 Far the shadows fall athwart them  
 In the waning afternoon;  
 While the blossoms shower upon them  
 Through the gloaming come full soon!  
 Far the shadows fall and lengthen  
 O'er the lower mountain-side  
 Ere the dusky burrow-dwellers  
 Seek the rest of eventide!  
 Oh, the scented sage is drooping  
 Low its lilac-tinted bloom;  
 And the dewdrops are a glimmer  
 In the budding of the gloom!  
 Oh, the morning breaks in glory  
 Up the sleepy canyon far  
 Beaming on the little earth-heaps,  
 Beaming with a herald star.  
 When there comes a sudden scurry.  
 Comes the sound of nimble feet;  
 And a hundred little dreamers  
 Breathe the air of morning sweet;  
 Bark and bark to hear the echoes  
 Answer up the mountain dells,  
 Humble, happy on the hillocks  
 Where a generation dwells!

## HE DRIVES A SHETLAND

Big six cars may be all right for those who like them, but so far as President Vincent of the University of Minnesota is concerned a Shetland pony has more sense and is better company, according to the *Minneapolis Tribune*. That is why it is not unusual to see a little Shetland hitched to a go-cart standing in front of the administration building on the campus, while powerful automobiles sulk in front of it and behind it—the pony waiting for Dr. Vincent and the automobiles for regents or deans or just plain professors.

"Pinto" is the Shetland's name and he belongs to the youngest of the Vincent family. He is said to be extraordinarily intelligent, and to be able to detect sugar in an approaching pocket with a certainty that would do credit to a doctor of chemistry. Dr. Vincent has not yet ventured on the downtown streets behind the Shetland, but he drives behind him between his home and the university without any loss of his own dignity and considerably to the augmenting of that of the Shetland.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more than any amount of yelling.

## THE CRUELTY IN SHEEP-SHEARING

Cruelty to sheep during the shearing season in those States where sheep are raised for their wool, as a leading industry, calls for the united protest and interference of the humane societies and all their allies. In a recent letter to the well-known actress and humanitarian, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who has been influential in bringing this matter to public attention, the secretary of the Utah State Woolgrowers' Association writes:

"I have seen many of the sheep on account of the carelessness of the shearer, cut so severely that they died, and hundreds have been so severely cut that it would take from thirty to ninety days to heal their wounds and get them back to a normal condition. I have also known of sheep that have been shorn during very cold weather, and frequently a large percentage of them during such cold snap, being deprived of their fleeces, would die from cold and exposure. The owners of sheep and the owners of shearing corrals are not altogether to blame for this deplorable condition as the shearers (claiming membership in the Shearers' Union, if punished in any way), will strike on them and leave them where they cannot get the shearing done, but I believe that if the Government could take hold of this matter hundreds of thousands of sheep could be protected from cruel treatment and that hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved if a good law protecting these animals could be strictly enforced."

As the most effectual way to reform the abuses of sheep-shearing, every humane society in the country is asked to send a letter or petition to each of the governors of the States, as mentioned below, urging him to take action, to the end that it shall be made a misdemeanor by law to subject sheep to such cruelty in shearing as the prevailing practices involve.

## List of Governors to be Petitioned

Montana: His Excellency Samuel V. Stewart, Helena, Montana.  
 Idaho: His Excellency John M. Haines, Boise, Idaho.  
 Wyoming: His Excellency Joseph M. Carey, Cheyenne, Wyoming.  
 Nevada: His Excellency Tasker L. Oddie, Carson City, Nevada.  
 California: His Excellency Hiram W. Johnson, Sacramento, California.  
 Utah: His Excellency William Spry, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
 New Mexico: His Excellency William C. McDonald, Santa Fe, New Mexico.  
 Arizona: His Excellency George W. P. Hunt, Phoenix, Arizona.  
 Texas: His Excellency O. B. Colquitt, Austin, Texas.  
 Colorado: His Excellency Elias M. Ammons, Denver, Colorado.

## Veterinary Column

**Question:** I have three cows with large swellings underneath the jaw which seem to be increasing in size. I have never had any experience with this trouble before. My neighbor tells me it is a disease called lumpy-jaw and says it is incurable. Will you kindly advise me as to the cause and treatment?

M. L.

**Answer:** Lumpy-jaw is due to invasion by a specific micro-organism (actinomyces, ray-fungus), which grows on food-stuffs, such as barley, spears of oats, dried grasses, etc. It is inoculated into the mucous membrane of the mouth by means of pricks. Most cases occur in young cattle when shedding their milk teeth. The disease is not directly communicable from animal to animal or from animal to man except by direct inoculation. When the swelling becomes hard and indurated, surgical interference is needed. This operation should be performed only by a veterinary. Treatment internally with iodide of potash has been attended in a good many cases with satisfactory results, but this drug should be administered only under professional supervision.

**Question:** Will you kindly tell me if there is any cure for spavin, and if so, what it is? T. C.

**Answer:** Spavin is a very difficult form of lameness to treat successfully. Spavin involving the lower articulation is in most cases curable. The most important part of the treatment is rest. A stimulating application should be applied over the seat of inflammation. The results obtained from the stimulant increase the amount of inflammation present and hasten nature by causing ankylosis or a growing together of the bones involved. Any of the irritating ointments will give the necessary effect. When, however, the spavin is large, commonly termed diffused, and involves the whole joint, ulceration of the articular surface develops and in this case the only proper thing to do is to have the animal humanely destroyed.

**Question:** Will you please tell me a remedy for sore eyes on a kitten? R. A. C.

**Answer:** Bathe the eyes twice a day with boracic acid solution: a teaspoonful of boracic acid to a pint of warm water. If the discharge persists after using this treatment for a reasonable length of time, say four or five days, use the following:

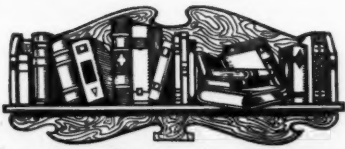
Zinc sulphate ..... 3 grains  
 Boracic acid ..... 10 grains  
 Belladonna fluid extract 30 drops

Distilled water, add to make 4 ounces. Ten drops in each eye once a day.



GOOD SPECIMENS OF THE HAMPSHIRE DOWN VARIETY





## In the Editor's Library

ZOOLOGY, E. Brucker.

The beginnings of animal life, from the lowest forms up to man, are treated in this small but authoritative, and easy-to-understand manual. It aims to teach the eager child or the ignorant adult the elements of science—to conduct them unerringly over the threshold and into that realm where the truths of nature are revealed. There are many animals we ought to know more about. Aside from the interest that the study of all life has for the student, are we not morally bound to understand as well as we can those creatures which are subservient to man, their structures, propensities, powers, pleasures and pains, that we may the better accord them the just treatment that they deserve?

All these essential facts are set forth in clear and concise manner. As a handbook of elementary science, the volume will prove helpful and popular. Illustrations are from drawings which show different types and structural forms.

219 pp. 50 cents, net. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

### THE ADVENTURES OF PETER COTTON-TAIL, Thornton W. Burgess.

The Bed Time Stories, which are for children from six to eleven years of age, are happily continued in this and the following book. The light-hearted, sharp-witted little folk of the woods and meadows carry on their merry pranks and enjoy their good times just as in preceding volumes. Though we meet with several other familiar names and faces, it is Peter Cottontail, a popular little fellow with all the boys and girls, who is concerned in these chronicles. He gets into many funny scrapes; plays jokes on his enemies as well as friends, and is often put to his wit's end to keep out of the clutches of Reddy Fox. In short, Peter's experiences are highly amusing.

120 pp. 50 cents, net. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

### THE ADVENTURES OF UNC' BILLY POSSUM, Thornton W. Burgess.

In another collection of bewitching stories, there are to be found some clever accounts of another important citizen, "Unc' Billy." How he gratifies his fondness for fresh eggs at the expense of Farmer Brown and, by those shrewd tricks which he can play when occasion requires, escapes the latter's wrath, are told in pleasing style. Other animal friends also contribute droll performances. These tales are true to nature, they deal with the happy side of animal life and will foster greater love for all animals in the hearts of the children.

Each volume contains a half-dozen capital illustrations by Harrison Cady.

117 pp. 50 cents, net. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

### MOTHER NATURE AND HER FAIRIES, Hugh Findlay.

This little book contains poems on our common wild flowers, and stories of the wonderful things done by the nature fairies in giving us the beautiful colors in the flowers and leaves, and by their assistants, the birds, in destroying the insects and small rodents that injure the farmers' crops. Teachers of primary grades will find the book useful, several pages of suggestions being given as aids for class work.

In the preface the author gives as his aim a desire to "develop the imagination in the child and give facts and principles in their relationship to life." He further says, "Morals have their foundation in life's phenomena and may be taught through the forms of life found in nature."

There are attractive photographs of children, and unique decorations by the author.

130 pp. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, New York.

### TRAPPING DEVICES

**I**N order to prevent the escape of captive animals from the steel trap by the amputation of their own limbs, traps are used with small "pans," so that the limb of the creature, coming exactly into the center of the trap, will be clutched close to the body. No amount of self-mastication can then free the unfortunate. It is doomed. It may gnaw its fettered foot, and in the frenzy of agony break its teeth on the unyielding steel, but it can never get away.

The "spring-pole" is another device to prevent the escape of the prey by self-mutilation. This consists of a flexible pole set in the ground. The upper end of the pole is bent down and fastened in such a way as to be liberated by any slight wrench. The chain of the trap is fastened to the pole. And when the creature is caught its struggles to escape release the pole, whereupon both trap and prisoner are jerked into the air and held aloft. Here the unhappy captive must hang until it starves to death, freezes, or perishes from thirst and pain, or till the wretch who carries on this accursed business comes to knock out its brains. The victim may have to hang for days suffering agonies no pen can describe.

Then there is the "sliding-pole," an arrangement less cruel for causing captives to drown themselves; while for large animals, like the bear, the "dead-fall" trap is prepared, consisting of a baited log so adjusted as to fall and crush any living being unwary enough to approach the proffered food.

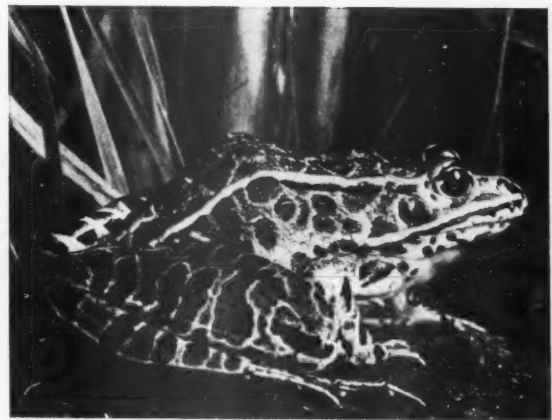
Owing to the high price of ermine it can be worn only by the wealthy, but the horrors of the methods used in catching these little creatures exceed all others. Large pieces of iron coated with grease are placed, in winter, where the ermine can find them. They lick the grease, and then the intense cold of the iron causes the tongue instantly to freeze fast to it. From this there is no escape, except by pulling out the tongue by the roots. The use of ermine is no longer restricted to royalty; it is worn by those who can afford it and whose hearts are insensible to one of the greatest known cruelties. Miniver is ermine fur with spots of black lamb-skin sewn in.

### FOUNTAINS AN IMPERATIVE NEED

Human beings can always find a place to quench their thirst. Dogs and cats and birds can wander and find water. The horse has to wait, perhaps all day, for meal-time, to get water. He can't tell his master when thirsty, and can't wander off to quench his thirst. Street fountains solve the horse's need. Our readers will give untold blessings by having as many fountains placed as possible, if only modest ones. The horse cares not for grandeur, but for WATER.

### POLICE COOPERATION

Mounted officer Thomas Connelly very promptly arrested, March 2, a teamster who was beating his horse with a piece of gas pipe an inch and a half in diameter, and turned him over to our Society. This is not the first time we have been indebted to this efficient officer. To him and the many like him on the Boston force we are constantly grateful. The teamster was sentenced to two months in the House of Correction.



"The harmless frog, after a winter of torpidity, comes forth to rid us of many insect pests"

### THE BOY SCOUTS AND ANIMALS

Here is a new army falling into line as friends and defenders of animals. Among the merit badges which can be obtained only after passing an examination is one for "First Aid to Animals." This examination demands a general knowledge of our domestic animals and how to treat them in health and sickness and accident. For the new "Official Handbook" we have promised to prepare the material needed for passing the examinations in this department, and to serve as examiner for this special locality. Having already held one of these examinations we can testify to the excellent character of the knowledge of animals and their care that is required to entitle one to the merit badge.

From many quarters have come the accounts of the fine service rendered by Boy Scouts, particularly this winter in feeding birds. The possibilities of this movement so far as humane education is concerned, are beyond compute.

F.H.R.

### CAT RESCUED FROM TREE-TOP

After hanging head downward for several hours from a limb of a tall elm-tree in one of the streets of Holyoke, Massachusetts, a beautiful Manx cat was rescued by firemen in response to the call of Agent Edward B. Stratton of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Some heartless miscreant had tied two tomato cans to the cat's hind legs and the frenzied animal, in trying to extricate itself, had climbed the tree, probably lost its footing and become suspended in mid air. Agent Stratton telephoned for assistance from the fire department and five men came to the rescue. A forty-foot extension ladder failed to reach the cat, and so another method was tried which proved successful. After tying a jack-knife to the end of a long pole, a fireman mounted the ladder and cut the string which held the cat. The animal dropped into a pile of snow none the worse from its fall and, although in a pitiable condition, limped off towards its home in a near-by tenement block.

### TO BUYERS OF HORSES

In order to prevent fraud and deception in the sale of horses, we have made the following contract with certain leading dealers:

They will sell a horse "worth the money" to any person recommended by us, and in case of any dispute arising from the sale, they will abide by our decision.

We make no charge for this service. Apply at our office, 15 Beacon Street, Room 27.

BOSTON WORK-HORSE PARADE ASSOCIATION.

## The Band of Mercy



Founders of American Band of Mercy  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS  
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
A. JUDSON LEACH } State Organizers  
ELLA A. MARYOTT }

### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals for one year.
  2. Twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and twenty-nine new Bands were organized in February, of which 269 were in schools of Massachusetts, eighty-six in schools of Connecticut, seventy-five in schools of Rhode Island, thirty-three in schools of Maine, twenty-two in Ohio, fourteen in New York, and thirteen in South Carolina. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

#### Schools in Massachusetts

Beverly: Cove, 4; Royal Side, 9; Pleasant View, 7; Smith, 13; Washington, 13; Bass River, 4; McKay St., 7; Farms, 7; Prospect, 9.  
East Longmeadow: Center, 7; North.  
East Wareham: Silver Star.  
Groveland: Merrimack, 4.  
Huntington: Center, 5; Rural, 6.  
Longmeadow: Center, 5.  
Merrimack: Center, 4; Prospect, 2.  
Merrimacport: Merrimacport.  
Russell: Village, 3.  
South Groveland: South Groveland, 5.  
Topsfield: Topsfield, 5.  
Westfield: Training, 12; Davis, 5; Center St., 2; Union St., 2; Rural, 5.  
Worcester: Gates Lane, 12; Bloomingdale, 5; Adams St., 4; Cambridge St., 15; Quinsigamond, 20; Malvern Rd., 7; Webster Sq., 4; Ash St., 6; Lake View, 6; Salem St., 4; Tatnuck, 6; Midland St., 5; Woodland St., 23; Lee St., 4.

#### Schools in Maine

Bath: Pentacostal Church S. S.  
Brunswick: Free Baptist S. S., 8; Baptist S. S., 9; Methodist S. S., 9.  
East Livermore: East Livermore, 3.  
Sabattus: Sabattus, 2.  
West Bath: Berry's Mill.  
Bethlehem, New Hampshire: Bethlehem.

#### Schools in Rhode Island

Newport: Mumford, 8.  
Providence: Burnside St. Special; Public St. Fresh Air; Berlin St., 4; Hendrick St., 4; Old Branch Ave. Primary, 11; New Branch Ave. Primary, 12; Jenkins St., 9; Harriett St. Primary, 5; Regent Ave. Primary, 10; Mount Pleasant Ave., 6; California Ave., 4.

#### Schools in Connecticut

Hartford: St. Patrick's, 19; Wilson, 9; St. Peter's, 19; Arsenal, 39.

#### New York

Amsterdam: Coddling.  
Burtonsville: Burtonsville.  
Cranesville: Alice Fahey.  
Esperance: Oak Ridge.  
Fonda: Hickory Hill; De Graff; Plank Road.  
Fort Johnson: Haver.  
Glen: Loyal.  
Hagaman: Buchanan.  
Sprakers: Helpers.  
Tribes Hill: Loucks; Harmony.  
Webster: Kindness Club.  
Lansdale, Pennsylvania: Lansdale Junior.

#### Ohio

Cherry Grove: Cherry Grove.  
Cincinnati: Sherman School.  
Homeworth: Homeworth School, 2.  
Salineville: Salineville School, 8.  
Wellsville: Wellsville School, 10.  
Baltimore, Maryland: U. B.  
Wytheville: Virginia, Little Soldiers.

### TO A LITTLE GREEN BUG

By FRED. K. DIX

O little green bug on my paper  
That breaks the faint chord of my theme.  
So careless you frolic and caper,  
Disturbing the vision I dream;  
For only you come when I utter  
A song, when the evening is damp.  
To scatter my thoughts as you flutter  
And circle the light of my lamp.

O little inquisitive stranger,  
You come to me out of the sky,  
And here on my desk you're in danger;  
So haste thee, then, upward and fly.  
You linger, oh, then, I have hushed you!  
Now all that is left is a blot,  
Although now I grieve that I crushed you  
Your message is never forgot;

For often the humblest of creatures  
That we scoff, we scorn and we kill,  
Are sometimes the noblest of teachers  
With lessons of love to instill.  
The bug that I thought came to pest me  
And over my song seemed to cling,  
Was a messenger sent down to test me  
And find if I'm worthy to sing.

### MODEL PROGRAM FOR BANDS

The town of Ord, Nebraska, has a lively Band of Mercy, according to the report of one of its public meetings in a local paper. Nearly three hundred children, led by Mrs. George A. Wilson, a fifth grade teacher, comprise the Geo. T. Angell Band. The members wearing red, white and blue bunting, headed by one of the girls carrying a silk American flag and one of the boys with a drum, marched into a church auditorium and were banked attractively on the platform. After singing a Band of Mercy hymn they all repeated the pledge. A dramatic arrangement of "Professor Frog's Lecture" was rendered by fifteen fifth grade pupils, the parts being "Professor Frog," "Bobby," "Mrs. Bufo," five frogs, and seven toads, all being dressed in appropriate suits. Other readings and songs followed, and the program closed with the fifth grade class yell,

Boom-Boom-Boom-a-banger-rec,  
Bands of Mercy, don't you see?  
Boomer-up-Boomer-up-Boom-a-la,  
Fifth grade Ord, ha-ha-ha!

### "TAKE OFF THOSE BLINDERS"

A writer in the *Farm Journal* observes:  
"A mettlesome young horse I bought would almost crouch when cars came up behind him. His blinds were taken off, and he showed at once that was the only handicap he was laboring under, and expressed his gratitude as best he could."

#### South Carolina

Blackstock: Armenia; Cedar Rock.  
Charleston: Simonton School.  
Columbia: Waverly Graded School, 3; Little Pansy; Rose of Sharon No. 2; Little Robins; White Fawn.  
Johnston: Oak Grove.  
White Oak: White Oak.  
Windsboro: Live Wire.  
St. Augustine, Florida: Third Grade A.  
Wiedman, Michigan: Wiedman.  
West Union, Iowa: West Union.

#### Minnesota

Duluth: Merritt School, 2.  
Nelson: Nelson.  
North St. Paul: North St. Paul.  
Boise, Idaho: Villory School.  
Nampa, Idaho: Evening Star.  
Rock Springs, Wyoming: Rock Springs.  
Seattle, Washington: Fremont.  
Hillyard, Washington: Hillyard.  
Campbell, California: Campbell Grammar School.

Total number Bands of Mercy,  
90,915.

### A LONG-LIVED CAT

By EVALYN N. WARREN



AS a small, half-starved kitten, evidently abandoned with three others in the edge of the woods, he was brought to us by his finder, who knew that I was fond of animals and would feed him and take good care of him. His two brothers and sister also came. That was twenty years ago when we were spending the summer in a cottage on Cape Cod.

At the end of three weeks I had found good homes for three of the castaways and had decided to keep the fourth myself. We adopted him, named him "Little Man," and took him to our home in Fall River at the end of the season.

"Little Man" was a cat of fine habits. He had large, double paws and kept himself so clean and white that everyone supposed he was washed daily. We took him to the country every summer for ten years and he never made a sound of resentment when carried in his traveling basket. In his prime he weighed twenty-five pounds. His food consisted of milk and boiled fresh codfish.

At the age of seventeen he began to fail and for the past three years he required and received extra care. Dropsy developed, but a veterinarian made him comfortable until he died quietly and peacefully, even as he had lived for twenty years. He was a happy cat, companionable in every respect. We wonder at times why there can be so much suffering of animals in this world, when it takes so little on the part of us human beings to make their lives pleasant and peaceful.

### PEERESS BARS FURS AND FEATHERS

"For twenty years," said the Countess of Warwick, recently, before a London audience, "I have carefully avoided wearing any feathers or plumage of birds save the ostrich, and in recent years, owing to all that has come to my knowledge of the hideous cruelty practised in the fur trade, I have not worn furs; but one sees on every side this fetish rampant—every woman's head adorned with the plumage of birds. Ladies who have taken to wearing little tails of fur around their necks are now not happy unless they have the whole beast spread out about them. My own psychic aura objects to having dead birds and beasts hung all around as modes of decoration."



AN EASTER QUARTET

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## SNOWBALL'S SOUVENIR

By VENITA RUTH DUDGEON

**D**ID you ever see a dog play ball? Well, our little "Snowball," a snow-white dog with black spots, is one that can. Every time I sit down to read or write Snowball will pose at my feet begging me by her intense look to play ball with her. Of course her ball has been snugly put away in the machine drawer so that her little highness will not bother us too much with her "playball" expression.

One day, when I was deeply interested in reading, Snowball, as usual, posed at my feet. I took no notice of her, but could see, or rather feel, her eyes fixed coaxingly upon me. She kept this up until I reached down and petted her lovingly, but I said, "No. No, Snowball, I am busy now. Go and lie down like a good girl and let me read." Once more I



SNOWBALL

became lost in my story when I felt her eyes riveted on me again. Her little head would go up and down vigorously as she looked at me and then at the ball. She had contrived to wriggle it out of the machine drawer. I put down the book, her look was so pleading, and said in amazement, "You rogue. How did you get that ball?"

Her answer was a little whine and a glance over at the machine; her tail bobbed furiously with anticipation. I was expected to push the ball with my toe and there it was just an inch from my boot. Who could resist the temptation? I kicked the ball across the room and she bounced after it, frantic with glee, and returned directly with it in her mouth. She laid it at my feet again and began her coaxing and teasing. If you could only look at her eyes—yes, her whole body—how they coaxed!

And my story? Well, I can't decide which attraction was the more compelling. I played for a few moments and then took the dog up in my lap.

"You naughty little, cute little, clever little dog"—I remonstrated. "This will not do;—go and put that ball out of my sight and let me read; then I shall play after dinner."

To my utter amazement the dog jumped to the floor and took the ball over to the machine, dropped it into the open drawer, where she had found it, and closed it emphatically with her nose.

You see Snowball is my Aunt's dog, and I was visiting her at the time. Aunt Florence never goes away that she does not take the pet a "souvenir" rubber-ball. When she opens her trunk or bag the little dog stands and waggles about in evident expectation. Auntie would no more go home without the "souvenir" ball than neglect to write to her loved ones.

**Have you been impatient for the return of the bluebird and the robin? Are you trying to make your locality a safer and more inviting summer home for them?**



Courtesy of Rider and Driver

A PAIR OF WHITE JACKS AND THEIR OWNER

## BEING A FRIEND

By ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

**Just across the lane-way lives a true and loyal friend;  
I know that I can trust him till the longest day's long end.**

**He hasn't much to brag about as far as beauty goes;  
But Grandpa says his heart is gold, and 'course my grandpa knows.**

**Whenever I am feeling blue, and things have all gone wrong,  
Then shaggy Dick, my good, old dog, comes pattering along.**

**He licks my hand and rubs his nose against it till I know  
That he is sorry as can be for all that bothers so.**

**Just across the lane-way, the boys all gather there,  
And every one will tell you Dick's the best dog anywhere.  
I haven't much to brag about, but I would like to be  
As good a friend to other folks as Dick has been to me.**

## A CAMEL'S STOMACH

**T**HE stomach of a camel is divided into four compartments, and the walls of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by the means of powerful muscles, explains a writer in the *Presbyterian*. When a camel drinks, it drinks a great deal. Indeed, it drinks for such a long time that you really would think it never meant to leave off. The fact is that it is not satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with the water, and as soon as each is quite full, it is tightly closed. Then when, a few hours later, the animal becomes thirsty, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.



## THE CRITIC

By JOHN L. STODDARD

The Critic grieves at Virtue's loss,  
And rails at Evil's stride,  
But Love still holds aloft the Cross,  
And shows the Crucified.  
One, safe in a secure retreat,  
Disdains the maddened throng;  
The other braves the seething street,  
And strives to right the wrong.  
Self shudders at the angry waves,  
And dreams of what should be,  
But Love the sinking sinner saves,  
And stills the stormy sea.

## REPORTS FROM EGYPT

**R**EERENCE was made in *Our Dumb Animals* for February to the excessive use of the whip by drivers in Cairo, Egypt. In a recent letter by Philip G. Peabody of Boston relating to the same subject, he writes under date of February 2:

"I am sorry to say that there has been an enormous increase in whipping. During the recent religious feast of Bairam each cab driver has treated himself to a new and especially fiendish whip, and it is never idle. In two hours today I reported twenty-two cases of furious whipping. The least was worse than anything I have seen, outside of Egypt and Jerusalem, for many years. At one o'clock this morning, the sound of whipping, through closed windows, and in a back room, was so bad that I dressed myself and went out, to try to make some arrests. Just as I got out it all came very suddenly to a stop."

It is a fact of considerable significance that when a protest to the highest authorities was made by the cab owners and drivers, against their treatment by the S. P. C. A., the newspapers all spoke of it as a fine tribute to the excellence of the Society.

During a recent month the average number of animals stabled and treated in the Cairo Society's infirmary at Boulac was 193.

The total number admitted to the infirmary for treatment during the year 1913 was 7320.

The report of the Alexandria S. P. C. A. for the same time states that the number of animals taken from work during the month was 246.

## RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR FEBRUARY, 1914

"People who give their time, influence or money to further any animal society's work will NEVER feel the sting of ingratitude, but will ALWAYS feel the animals' gratitude, and be remembered in this life and afterwards by friends of animals, when ALL others have forgotten them."

Requests of Charles H. Hayden, \$5,000; Mrs. Rachel M. Gill, \$1,071.50; Ellen McKendry, \$500; N. G. Bagley (balance), \$2 3/4; Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, \$225; estate of Edw. De La Granga, \$250; John Evans, for Angell Memorial Building, \$100; Miss Helen R. Heywood, \$50; Mrs. Charles E. Thayer, \$50; Mrs. David P. Kimball, \$25; Mrs. W. S. Fitt, \$25; Mrs. John E. Hudson, \$25; Arthur T. Lyman, \$25; Walter Hunnewell, \$20; Miss Julia Lyman, \$20; Miss Mary Woodman, \$15; Hon. Perlie A. Dyer, \$15; Thomas A. Forsyth, \$15; Miss Gertrude Allen, \$6; Mrs. Dr. J. L. Collamore, 4; Mrs. Harriet S. C. Birnie, \$4; Mrs. Harriet Guild, \$2.50; balance from lecture, \$1.85; Mrs. H. L. Chase, \$1.50; Mrs. J. F. Searle, \$1.50; Dispensary, \$3.74; sundries, \$0.92.

## TEN DOLLARS EACH

Arthur F. Whittin, Miss A. M. Gourgass, G. K. Webster, Dr. F. P. Sprague, Mrs. Esther R. Holmes, Miss Eliza B. Leonard, Mrs. Eliot Hubbard, Mrs. Chas. Pfaff, Amy H. Ellis, Mrs. Esther M. Warner, Mrs. Geo. G. Lowell, Mrs. A. E. Wyman, Miss Fannie M. Faulkner, Mrs. Harold C. Ernst, Mrs. A. A. Sweet, Miss Elizabeth Prescott Bigelow, Mrs. Thomas B. Williams, D. L. Whittemore, Orrin W. Cook, Mrs. F. F. Raymond, Miss Martha A. Mills, Miss Frances R. Porter, Miss E. F. Bisbee, Mrs. Harriett L. Hemenway, Mrs. O. B. Ireland, Edw. W. Grew.

## FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Baker Extract Co., "in memory of Timmie Richards," Mrs. S. W. Hopewell, Mrs. B. F. Doak, Timothy H. Fowler, Winthrop T. Hodges, Geo. B. Morison, J. H. Stone, Mrs. Charlotte E. Gresham, F. O. Hanson, Miss A. M. Goodnow, Miss Hannah R. Hudson, Mrs. L. H. Wellman, Miss Harriet L. Eaton, Miss Mary S. Eaton, T. Smith Co., Tileston Dorr, Mrs. J. M. Harlow, Mrs. Chas. G. Loring, Miss Maria D. Kimball, O. M. Wentworth, D. B. Fenn, Mrs. Elliot W. Fiske, Chas. E. Loud, Mrs.

Langdon Frothingham, Miss Sarah M. Allen, Miss L. M. Wilson, Mrs. John D. Flint, C. G. Schirmer, Mrs. J. J. Ahearn, Miss Martha H. Shackford, Miss Mary Monteith, Miss Gertrude Volkner, Gilman F. Morse, Mrs. J. Beck, Mrs. Charles Boyden, Mrs. J. H. Herring, Miss M. L. Reynolds, Edw. A. Baker, Mrs. E. W. Roberts, Miss Minnette C. Beal, The Misses Perkins, Miss Emma E. Fallon, Miss J. Fallon, Mrs. C. E. H. Phillips, Miss Gladys P. Cook, Mrs. Mary Newell, Mrs. W. C. Nims, Mrs. M. B. Waterman, L. S. Starratt, F. K. Paige, Bates Bros., Mrs. J. A. McKie, Mrs. F. W. Blaisdell, Mrs. Annie W. Woolson.

## THREE DOLLARS EACH

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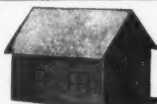
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